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Kelly

By GRACE THOMSON

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No doubt he had another name, but when the gray haired old cashier had asked what his first name was he had explained that Kelly was enough.

"If I tell you the rest, you'll be callin' me some kid name, an' I'm a man now," he announced. "I'm goin' to earn my own livin'." The cashier whimsically entered him upon the payroll as "Mr. Kelly," and so it had stood.

Kelly had graduated to the dignity of long trousers and considered himself a veteran in the service of Edge & Lutton when Kathleen came, a dainty, sensitive little woman, fresh from business school and yet very much unversed in the ways of business.

She won Kelly's heart by calling him "Mr. Kelly," and thereafter any of the boys who dared play a trick on the new typewriter invariably turned up at the office the next day with a bruised lip or a blackened optic. Few of them played more than one trick, for when he was but six Kelly could thrash any eight-year-old youngster on the block.

Kathleen, all unmindful of his championship, merely noticed that the boys were better behaved, and told her mother that life in a business office was not as hard as she had supposed it would be. "It's so very different from what we thought I should have to go through with," she explained, "and the little Kelly boy is just a dear."

Later on, when Lutton began to take notice of the pretty typewriter, Kathleen changed her mind, but she did not tell her mother of the invitations to drives and the theater. It was hard enough that Mrs. Lansing should be compelled to do without the luxuries to which she had been accustomed during her husband's life without having to know that the money that procured their bare livelihood was earned at the cost of keeping silent under covert insult.

Lutton was careful not to make his overtures too patent, and only Kelly saw the little things which made Kathleen's work so hard. She put aside his invitations with a quiet dignity that admitted of no argument, and Lutton, tiring at last of a campaign of courtesy, began to find fault.

It was he who dictated most of the correspondence, and there were letters to be copied over because of some trivial mistake. Night after night Kathleen had to remain copying letters, with only Kelly for company. And when at last she sought the street she never knew that only Kelly's presence saved her from further attention from Lutton, waiting in the cafe across the way. She thought it merely one of Kelly's little courtesies, never suspecting that Kelly, idling at the window, had seen

Lutton crossing the street and had divined his intentions.

But while Kelly's presence saved her from trouble in one way it increased her burden in another, for Lutton, smarting under his rebuff, grew more vindictive. The firm was in a pool in Y. and M. G., and the operations were conducted from the office. Somehow in spite of caution some facts leaked out prematurely, and the whole operation resulted in a crash from which the firm barely escaped with a whole credit.

The whole office was uneasy. That there was a suspicion that some of the clerks were believed to be guilty of treachery was apparent, but John Edge would not have any one discharged until his guilt was proven.

"We must be careful for awhile," he had said to Lutton, when the latter urged wholesale dismissals, "but if we let every one out we could never again command the confidence of our employees."

Lutton let the matter drop, but when it was decided to make a raid on Memphis preferred and the news reached the exchange almost before the conference was broken up, even the senior partner was forced to admit that something must be done.

Lutton very promptly discovered that Kathleen had access to all correspondence of the firm and that it must have been she who in some manner had gained the knowledge that had resulted in a gain of thousands to some one on the outside.

Even then Edge did not want to work on circumstantial evidence.

"Take it easy, George," he urged. "Watch her carefully, but do not dismiss her." And Lutton had smiled under his heavy mustache. He had an idea that he could kill two birds with a single stone.

"That red headed kid seems pretty thick with the typewriter," he said. "I shouldn't be surprised if they worked together. You remember he brought a telegram in just as that Memphis deal was put through."

"Kelly?" said Edge. "Why, he's a part of the office."

"All the same, I could show you"—

Edge waved a protesting hand. He could not believe in the guilt of any one in the office.

"Very well," he said wearily. "I leave the matter to you."

That afternoon Kathleen waited after closing time to finish off her book. Kelly, as usual, constituted himself her escort, but he could not resist the temptation to steal across the street to get the baseball scores.

Lutton was there when he came back. Kelly heard him before he opened the door and stood for a moment in the hall.

"So you see," Lutton was saying, "I can dismiss you, and you will leave under suspicion of having betrayed your employers. You can't get a job after that, I fancy. Now you say you'll take in the beach this evening or I'll let you out tomorrow—you and that brick topped kid. Now, give me a kiss and say you'll go."

There was a sound of a struggle, and Kelly burst into the room.

"You quit that!" he said hotly. "I'm wise to you, all right, and you make trouble and I'll tell on you."

"Mr. Edge won't believe you," sneered Lutton.

"No," but your wife will," was the retort. Lutton made a dive for Kelly, and the boy dodged. There was a chase around the table until Lutton, realizing that he was cutting no dignified figure, stalked out. At the door he paused for an instant.

"I was just joking about dismissing you, Miss Lansing," he said. "I beg that you will pardon me. We will say nothing more about it."

The door slammed and Kelly gravely executed a double shuffle. "To a standstill," he cried joyously. "You come on home. I guess Lutton won't kick if those letters don't go out tonight. If he says anything I'll fix it."

There was a conference the following afternoon, and Kelly, as his work took him in and out of the room, seemed bursting with excitement. Several times he eyed Lutton with a glitter of triumph in his eye, and Lutton felt uncomfortable.

At last a decision was reached, and Sears, the head of the pool, looked around the table. "Then it is agreed that we run Tennessee Southeastern up to 96?" he said. There was a murmur of assent. "We should make a twenty-point profit," he continued, "unless there is a leakage."

There was a crash from the window, and Lutton, who had gone over to adjust the shade, turned toward them with the cord in his hand.

"There ain't no leakage this time," announced Kelly jubilantly. I tacked the shade down."

"What do you mean," demanded Edge. For answer Kelly led him to the window.

"See Cunningham's windows across the way?" he asked. "Mr. Lutton signals with the curtain. I got it out of one of Cunningham's clerks. Cunningham buys or sells according to how Lutton tells him, and they divide. They made twenty thou. apiece out of that Memphis deal. Then he tried to blame Miss Kathleen for it."

Half an hour later the discredited Lutton was leaving the office in which

he was no longer a partner. He met Kelly coming in.

"I suppose you think Miss Lansing will marry you now?" he answered.

"No such luck," said Kelly placidly. "She's goin' to be hitched to a lawyer chap uptown. The best I got for mine is best man; but, say, I ain't kickin'; I ain't no hog."

A Judgment of Solomon.

The ancient and famous Holyrood Sanctuary For Debtors fell into disuse when imprisonment for debt was abolished in Scotland. The most famous worthy who took advantage of it was Thomas De Quincey, author of "Confessions of an English Opium Eater." The sanctuary boundary at the foot of the Canongate was marked by a row of stones in the roadway, which was known as the Abbey strand.

There is a most humorous story connected with the institution, says the London News. A reckless debtor left the retreat and strolled up the Canongate. He was espyed by a vigilant sheriff's officer, who promptly gave chase. The debtor turned and ran like a hare sanctuaryward. He tripped and fell at the Abbey strand, but with his head within the protected area. All the same, he was arrested by the minion of the law and immured in the debtors' quarters in Carlton jail.

He sued the sheriff's officer for illegal arrest, and the court of sessions judge who tried the case gave a decision in his favor. His lordship held that the head, the intelligent part of the man's anatomy, which contracted the debt, was within the sanctuary and thus secure from capture. The trunk and limbs were undoubtedly liable to arrest, but they could not be detached from the head without fatal injury to the subject, which was contrary to the spirit of the humane law of Scotland.

"THE OLD YEAR LIES A-DYING"

(Original.)

He had declined several invitations to join a merry party and see the old year out. A bachelor of thirty-five, he had been well brought up by a good mother, and his sisters were pure, well behaved girls of the olden type. He had long been a clubman and a member of the smart set. His companions spent a great deal of money, living a fast life, the men not pretending to have any purity in them, the women following the latter day custom of drinking cocktails. At the Country club, of which he was a member, there was a separate cafe where the ladies were served with beverages without it being known how much they drank. He knew that any of the parties to which he had been invited would be drinking bouts. The influences under which he had been brought up had asserted themselves, and a sudden distaste for the company of his set had kept him in his rooms when others were roistering.

He was surrounded by luxuries, and a cheerful wood fire blazed on the hearth, but there was one comfort lacking. There was no friend to bear him company. He thought of a chum who was far away and wished that he might suddenly be dropped down beside him. Then he fell to thinking how nice would be a woman's companionship. Why not marry? He thought of the women who were his usual associates and repeated the words of an old song:

"What! Marry old Marjory? Oh, no, no!"

Then he thought of a family of girls who had been brought up under the same influences as his sisters. They were not rich and never had been rich, but their mother before them and their ancestors had had enough to enable them to live as ladies and gentlemen. The Brinsley girls were all very pretty and very attractive. He liked them immensely, but he never met them in society. They were too refined and too poor to move in his set. They had at times invited him to simple dinners, and he had always come away feeling refreshed. In return he had taken them out, but if he met any of his own set while doing so he knew he would be twitted with, "Who's your beauty, old man? Where did you find her?" spoken in a tone he did not relish.

Then it occurred to him that he had only returned the Brinsleys' invitations. He had never done them a favor. Had he ever done any one a favor? He tried to think of one unselfish act and failed. They had all been "returns." Among his regular companions it was hardly possible to do favors. They did not need favors. Like him, they had a plenty and, like him, spent it all on themselves. It occurred to him that he would like to do one disinterested act. What could he do? There was the youngest Miss Brinsley, scarcely twenty, who would be delighted to receive any trifle he would give her that it would be proper for her to accept. Presents were usually given on Christmas, but why not on New Year's? He resolved in the morning to go and buy some pretty thing and take it to Lucy Brinsley just to see how it would make him feel to give something to which no return would be expected.

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a shot in the street without. In an instant there were the ringing of bells and the tooting of horns. He thought of the scenes transpiring in the houses to which he had been invited. Men and women with flushed cheeks were standing around tables, drinking to the new year, laughing and shouting boisterously. The antics of the men he wouldn't mind, but both his instincts and his education rendered hidden women distasteful to him.

The old year was dead. The new year had entered, and one by one the sounds without dropped away, and soon there was quiet. He looked about him, and the room seemed lonelier than before. Again the problem of a wife came up to interest him. If he married it would be expected that he would marry in his set. If he married out of his set his friends would gradually drop him. Suppose they did. What benefit would he derive from them now that he was tired of their ways? Then a picture that he had seen in one of the illustrated papers came up before him. It was the new year represented by a little child tottering with outstretched arms toward him. This tiny being represented for him a new life, for it kindled in his heart a new desire, and that desire led to a new determination.

The next morning he wrote a note to Mrs. Brinsley asking if he might spend his New Year's evening with her family, and a response came asking him to

come in time for dinner. Lucy came down to welcome him, her cheeks roses. He took a box from under arm and gave it to her. Opening she took out a fan of exquisite workmanship. When she turned her eyes to him with surprise, delight, and all glancing in them, he felt the first keen pleasure from domestic kindness. Then the others came, each admiring the girl's present, all looked surprised at this mark of unusual interest on the part of one from whom no one had expected anything wholly gratuitous.

It was a pleasant New Year's evening he spent with them all—that earlier part of it, for all knew Lucy had been chosen as chief of them—and as the evening waned by one made excuses to leave the till he was alone with her. She been chosen as more than chief among them. She had been chosen as among women for him, and before next year she stepped into the place of BLANCHER T. CARRIE.

Frightfully Burned.

Chas. W. Moore, a machinist, of City, Pa., had his hand frightfully burned in an electrical furnace. He used Bucklen's Arnica Salve with the result: "a quick and perfect cure." Greatest healer on earth for Wounds, Sores, Eczema and Piles at Ed Green's drugstore.